



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

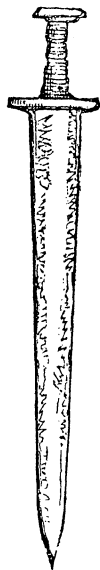
We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

and will be long remembered in our future annals in connection with the frightful pestilence, which we humbly trust is now about to cease its devastations, for the awful number of its victims which were deposited here within the last few months.

It may not be however so generally known that this cemetery, though now exclusively allotted to those whose fate in life has been unhappy, as if even in death the rich disdained to commingle, was once the chief burial place of the proudest class of men that perhaps ever figured in the great drama of human existence—the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem. Their establishment or hospital at Kilmainham, which was their chief seat in Ireland, was considered to be the noblest pile of architecture in the kingdom, and their possessions were as vast as their ambition was boundless. Of the former there are no remains; in an age but little remarkable for good taste, it was destroyed to erect on its site that less beautiful but perhaps more useful structure, the Royal Hospital for invalids! and of the latter the citizens of Dublin are allowed to enjoy a considerable portion—the Phoenix park—as a place of pleasant and healthful recreation—and a nobler and more beautiful spot for this purpose is not possessed by any city in Europe. It is our intention in future numbers to make both of those places the subject of descriptive sketches, but our present object lies with the ancient cemetery. Before even the establishment of the Knights at Kilmainham, this burial place belonged to a monastery founded in the sixth or seventh century by St. Magnen, from whom it received its name. In a place so ancient therefore, and so appropriated to the noble dead, we might naturally expect to find many interesting ancient monumental remains, but in this we are disappointed—one tomb alone, that of which we have prefixed a sketch, has survived the destroying hand of time, preserved as it would appear, by some traditional veneration that was attached to it. In fact it has been, and is still popularly supposed to be the tomb of the great and favourite Hero of our early history—that warrior Prince who died for his country in the arms of victory at the great battle of Clontarf. Tradition has however in this partly erred, for according to all our ancient historic authorities, the body of Brian was conveyed with great honour and ceremony to the Cathedral Church of Armagh, and there interred. But it appears from the same sources that others of the Irish princes slain in that great battle were really buried at Kilmainham, and that this monument was erected to mark the place of their interment. The chief of these was the Prince Murrough, the son of Brian, who, according to the Munster book of battles, by Mac Liag, was buried at the west end of the chapel, with a long stone standing on one end of his tomb, on which his name was written. Of this inscription there are now no legible traces; the stone being a coarse grained granite, and unfavourable to its preservation; and even the true lover's knot, represented in our sketch, is only to be traced when thrown into a favourable light by the noon day sun; at other times, it would not attract attention. This knot was in those times, a symbol of eternity, and it does not occur, at least in this form, at an earlier age than the eleventh century, nor does the style of its sculpture indicate a later one. There can be little doubt therefore that this cross, for such it was in its perfect state, was either the monument of Murrough, or of his son Turlough, who was slain in the same battle; and other circumstances corroborate this conclusion. About forty years ago, having fallen from its pedestal, it was again set up, on which occasion a number of coins of the Danish kings—the only minted money then generally in use—were found at its base; and with them a fine sword of the same period, which perhaps we are justified in calling the sword of Murrough O'Brian, it belonged at all events, to one of his compatriots. This sword was deposited with the then commander of the forces, who had it placed in the hall belonging



to his apartments, where it still remains, a highly interesting though hitherto unnoticed memorial.

The monument at Kilmainham has, at least with the multitude, acquired an additional interest and celebrity, as the sepulchral monument of another hero, who equally fought for the honour and renown of his country, and who perhaps deserved his glory as well as any of his more illustrious predecessors, for man is the same at all times, and a hero is but a hero still. After a lapse of more than eight hundred years, the tomb of Murrough received the mortal remains of Dan Dannelly! and the victor of Clontarf and the victor of Kildare; the Pride of the Aristocracy and the Idol of the People sleep in the same grave. We shall not easily forget the enthusiastic admiration which we saw expressed for Sir Daniel by his numerous admirers on the occasion of his victories—those who love popularity might well envy it. We remember well his triumphal entry into Dublin, after his great battle on the Curragh. That indeed was an ovation. He was borne on the shoulders of the people, his mother, like a Roman matron, leading the van in the procession, and with all the pride of a second Agrippina, she frequently slapped her naked bosom, exposed for the occasion, and exultingly exclaimed, 'there's the breast that suck'd him—there's the breast that suck'd him!!!' Was the pride of a mother ever more admirably expressed!

Nor shall we soon forget the simple and pathetic lament of his friend Dr. Brennan on his death—or its superiority in terseness and effect to that amplification of the same sentiment by our own poet Moore on the death of Pitt and Fox:—

"We are fallen on gloomy days—
Star after star decays." &c.

The words of Brennan, uttered with a sigh, were:—

"Oh blood and—what has the world come to; Napoleon is dead—and they have buried Dan Dannelly!"

P.

THE VAULTS OF ST. MICHAEL'S, DUBLIN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL.

SIR.—It is not easy after all for an idle man—a perfectly idle man—to kill his time, and rid himself of a long summer's day comfortably in Dublin. Curiosity itself, even though it pass that of women, and be greedy enough to feed on any thing, and every thing, finds out at length that there is a famine in the land, and feels itself woefully in want. In this state I was some time ago—all the lions of Dublin had been visited—its places of amusements all enjoyed—its museums all admired—its promenades all strolled—moreover the libraries were all closed—the courts of law all vacated—and what was I to do? Go to the country!—that I could not do, for reasons best known to those whom it may more immediately concern. "It's a shocking thing to be an idler," says I to myself, "what shall I do, or where shall I go? I wish I was a tailor, or a sailor, or a jailor, or something that would keep me employed! I can't endure this lazy life!" "Plase yer honor," said the newsman who was waiting in the hall until I had coned over the last line of the last advertisement, in the last page of Saunders Newsletter, and who doubtless took a benevolent interest in my condition, "maybe amongst all the quare things in Dublin, ye have never seen the vaults under St. Michan's Church, where the dead bodies lie as sound and as sweet a nut, and where them that were buried hundred o' years ago, are laid out as clean and purty and dacent as the night they were waked." "And can I get into these vaults?" "To be sure you can, your honor, there's nothing easier than to go to the sexton, a mighty civil fellow, and he'll get you a candle and show you the place, with a thousand welcomes." I believe I could have kissed the newsman—he had given me a piece of news that was as balm to my idle spirit; and so starting off for a friend who knows not a little about the antiquities of Ireland, and something about Dublin too, I luckily found him at home, and we proceeded together to St. Michan's Church.

Suppose us then on our way down Parliament-street, and my friend proposes that, in order to prepare our noses

for what might assail them under ground, we should call in at LUNDY FOOT'S, and procure some of his high toast—antiquarians are always snuff-takers—and while awaiting the measurement of our two penny worth, he observed, "This shop is about the spot where formerly stood Isod's tower—where dwelt La Belle Isoude, the favourite of a Danish King of Dublin. It was a curious situation for the tower of a fair Rosamond, just on the shores of a muddy tide water. Come, by way of short cut, let us proceed by Essex-gate and lower Exchange-street, now so redolent of snuff, but once named Blind-quay; I do not know but that it might be so called, from being full of those who were mostly blind drunk. I remember when the shipping came up to Essex-bridge, and then this quiet lane, now inhabited by cork cutters and working jewellers, was a sort of Dublin Wapping—as Horace says it was

"Differtum nautis cauponibus atque malignis."

Or, to do the same into English,

"This was the filthy purlieu of a port,
Where cheating slopsellers, and saucy choppersellers
And trulls and tars resort!"

The place calls to my mind the old song which, in my early days used to be in the mouths of all the profligates of Dublin, and which began thus:—

"Where have you been all the day,
Watty Peters, Watty Peters,
Up and down the Blind-quay,
Sipping bitters, Sipping bitters."

Passing by the end of Fishamble-street, we came upon Wood-quay. Here my friend showed where once stood, as one of the bulwarks of the city, Proutefoot's castle; and while passing along Merchant's-quay, and admiring the two beautiful bridges that flank that, to me, most admirable of all our Dublin buildings, the Four Courts, he took occasion to enter into a learned disquisition as to whether the old bridge, which is now superseded by Whitworth bridge, was built in the reign of King John, or by the Dominican friars in the year 1428.

Here my impatience got the better of my desire for antiquarian information, and I exclaimed "we shall never get to Michan's Church if you stop and make every lane, quay and bridge, a matter of disquisition;" so without further delay we passed over the bridge, up Church-street, and arrived at the object of our expedition.

We found the sexton very civil, and very well inclined to accommodate us with lights, and to accompany us into the vaults, which are secured now by newly repaired doors from the intrusion of mischievous violators. As we descended, we certainly felt no disagreeable smell—nothing that warned you that you were approaching the decomposing remnants of mortality. Underneath this ample church, extend long narrow galleries, on either side of which are the vaults, not much larger than common coal vaults, in which the coffins are placed. Some which are the private property of individuals, are fastened up with wooden or iron doors—others are open, and into one of them the sexton led us, candle in hand. I confess that on inspecting the contents, I was greatly disappointed. I had read Brydone's description of a subterranean catacomb in Sicily, which has the property of drying up the bodies of those enclosed in it, and in which those dead centuries ago are still standing in their niches, the same in form and feature as when alive, and clothed in the attire and ornaments belonging to their sex. If I did not anticipate exactly the same here, I at least expected, from report, to see dried and preserved specimens of the human form,—but if ever there was a shocking, revolting, melancholy, representation of what "man that is mortal," may come to, it is here. In a common tomb or vault, after a few years have gone by, nothing remains but the remnants of the coffin and the bones—every thing belonging to the child of dust has returned to its dust, except what may mark the place as a Golgotha—a place of skeletons and skulls. But here death, is as it were, making a mockery of mortality, leaving flesh in rags and tatters, and allowing skin, muscle and cartilage to remain, so as in the most appalling way to humble human pride, and show what man's gallantry and woman's beauty may become, when it is pre-

served, as is the case here, half skeleton, half mummy. This transition state between preservation and decay was most horrible to look on—there lay a large man, whose head was on one side, either so placed in order to fit into his coffin, or else (the idea is fearful,) he had come to life in his narrow cell, and after horrible contortion, had died for want of air. The skin on the head, the cartilages of the nose, the cellular substance of the legs, the capsular ligaments of the joints and fingers, were all preserved—but oh, the torn, worn, tattered skin!—just like decaying, discoloured parchment, exhibiting all the colours belonging to the slowest possible decay—blue, green, and yellow—the mildew and mouldiness of a century. Never will the image of that ghastly specimen of decay be effaced from my memory!

It is remarkable how capriciously dissolution has gone on in this awful place. Some have nearly gone the way of all flesh—others have decomposed more slowly! and others again have resisted with great pertinacity the effects of "decay's effacing fingers." But all exhibit painfully and powerfully, how the great conqueror of man can riot over those he has subdued. Some have fondly supposed that the soul's sanctity and the body's purity while living was the cause of the comparative preservation of some of these remains—and the body of a man is shown who died in 1783, at the advanced age of one hundred and eleven; and also that of a Jesuit, whose spare body, chastened, as it was by his remarkable temperate habits and ascetic life, seems to entitle him to the distinction of decaying slowly and gradually until the great and final day of departing time. Here also is the body of a man who was executed for murder about one hundred and twenty years ago; and a mother, who, actuated by maternal affection, "strong in death," had directed that her baby should rest in her bosom: the innocent infant has long since mouldered away from its mother's cold embrace, and the parent lies without a record or a name.

There seems to be a dry, limy, absorbing atmosphere pervading some, and only some, of these vaults, which checks, without actually preventing decomposition. I say only some; for one of the vaults, which seemed damper than the rest, was like any other church vault—a depository merely of dust and bones. We looked into one vault which was enclosed by an iron door, and carefully locked—the coffin ornaments were bright, and the tin absurdities which proclaim that the poor sinner there reposing was once a lord, glittered back the rays of our candle. Immense cobwebs hung over, as if festooning with mock drapery, the slow process of decay, and big and bloated spiders seemed sitting and watching in grim repose the tomb flies that buzzed about. Oh, poor mortal man, the most wretched of reptiles can parody thy actions, and turn thy deepest designs into burlesque even over the withered and wasting fragments of humanity!

I confess I was in as great haste to leave this horrid place, as I had been to enter it. My friend called me back to see the spot where the two ill-fated Sheares rest. The common jail shells in which they repose sufficiently identified them, and—the headless trunks! I could stay no longer, but rushed into the open air, having first thanked, as I should have thanked, the sexton, for his ready civilities. On our return we tried to settle why it was that these vaults, above any in Dublin, have this unusual power of retarding decomposition. It is idle to talk of the soil being impregnated with carbonate of lime, for it is not more so than any other of the vaults under any other of the Dublin churches. Strange to say, St. Michan's Church lies lower and nearer to the level of the bed of the Liffey, than any other Church perhaps in our city. "Were you ever at Knockmoy Abbey, in the county of Galway?" inquired my friend, "for bodies are there preserved in vaults much more perfectly than here." "I wish," said I, "you would give the DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL a description of that place." "Perhaps I will," he replied, "and that shortly, together with a drawing of its very interesting ruin." "Were you ever in the Island of Arran, that lies out to sea, off the bay of Galway?" "Never," replied I—"Well here also you have a great pleasure in store; for independent of some of the most ancient buildings perhaps in Europe, and some of the most interesting remains and

memorials, it has also, in a peculiar degree, the property of preserving bodies committed to the grave. Of this property, Giraldus Cambrensis took notice five hundred years ago—the following are his words as translated by Stanihurst—"There is in the west of Connaught, an island placed in the sea, called Aren, to which St. Brendon had often recourse. The dead bodies neede not be graveled, for the ayre is so pure that the contagion of any carrion may not infect it, there may the son see his father, his grandfather, and his great grandfather, &c. &c. This island is enemy to mice, for none is brought thither, for either it leapeth into the sea, or else being stayed it dyeth presently." "Well then, good sir," urged I, for you must know I am very importunate when soliciting for a friend; "Will you, when you write about Knockmoy, give the Penny Journal something also about Arran?" "I will think about it," said he. "A penny for your thought," said

TERENCE O'TOOLE.

Many instances of the artificial preservation of bodies, might be mentioned, still more remarkable, though perhaps less interesting than the above. The tomb of Edward the First, who died on the 7th July, 1307, was opened on the 2d January, 1770, and after the lapse of 463 years, the body was found not decayed; the flesh on the face was a little wasted, but not putrid. The body of Canute the Dane, who got possession of England in the year 1017, was found very fresh in the year 1766, by the workmen repairing Winchester Cathedral. In the year 1522, the body of William the Conqueror was found as entire as when first buried, in the Abbey Church of St. Stephen at Caen; and the body of Matilda his wife, was found entire in 1532, in the Abbey Church of the Holy Trinity in the same city.

No device of art, however, for the preservation of the remains of the dead, appears equal to the simple process of plunging them over head and ears in peat moss. In a manuscript by one Abraham Grey, who lived about the middle of the 16th century, now in the possession of his representative, Mr. Goodbehre Grey, of Old Mill, near Aberdeen, it is stated, that in 1559, three Roman soldiers in the dress of their country, fully equipped with warlike instruments, were dug out of a moss of great extent, called Kazey Moss. When found after a lapse of probably about fifteen hundred years, they "were quite fresh and plump!"

POPULATION OF IRELAND.

The following statement is taken from "A Practical View of Ireland," by James Butler Bryan, Esq. Barrister at Law.

"I presume the population of Ireland to be about eight millions, and from the annexed table it will be inferred, that on an average hitherto, Ireland has doubled her population in about sixty-three years. According to Mr. McCulloch, the population of Scotland in 1700, amounted to 1,050,000; in 1820, to 2,135,000, thus taking 190 years to double. He likewise asserts, that the population in England in 1700, was 5,475,000; in 1811, it was 10,488,000, requiring about 107 years to double. According to Mr. Mathieu, the population of France would take 111 years to double at its present rate. The King of Sweden says, that Sweden has added more than a sixth to her population in twenty years, thus doubling in less than 120 years.

"We may perceive from Von Malchu's account of the population of Europe, that Ireland has only seven European states her superiors, and eighteen her inferiors in this respect; and in point of superficial extent of territory, she has but ten states her superiors, and fifteen inferior to her. The seven united provinces of Holland, which have so frequently struck the scale in the balance of power in Europe, do not exceed in extent or population, Ulster, the fourth province of Ireland.

A Table of the progress of the population in Ireland:

1672, Sir W. Petty	1,100,000
— The same corrected	1,320,000
1695, Captain South	1,034,102
1712, Thomas Dobbs	2,099,094
1718, The same	2,169,048
1725, The same	2,317,374
1726, The same	2,309,106
1731, Established Clergy	2,010,221
1754, Hearth-money Collectors	2,372,634
1767, The same	2,544,276
1777, The same	2,690,556
1785, The same	2,845,932
1788, G. P. Bush	4,040,000
1791, Hearth-money Collectors	4,206,612
1792, Rev. Dr. Beaufort	4,086,226
1805, Thomas Newenham	5,395,456
1814, Incomplete Census	5,937,856
1821, Census, 55 Geo. III. c. 120 ...	6,801,827

IRISH IMPROVEMENTS.

The following account of Lord Headly's estate and improvements, is extracted from a pamphlet by his agent, Mr. J. Wiggins, an English gentleman, entitled, "Hints to Irish Landlords," &c. &c. published in 1822. "The estate of Glenbegh, or Glen of the Begh, or Birchen river, is situated at the entrance of the Ivera mountains, an extremely wild district on the shores of the bay of Castlemain, and on the extreme south-western coast of Ireland. It consists of about 15,000 acres, much of which is rocky, boggy, and mountain ground. Steep and rugged mountains surround the estate in the form of an amphitheatre, except towards the sea; along the shore of which a line of hills extends. Thus a sheltered vale is formed, through which the little river Begh takes the whole of its rapid course from its sources in the mountain lakes to the sea.

"This situation is romantic and picturesque, but its general aspect is wild and savage, and certainly, in the year 1807, presented as unpromising a subject for improvement as could well be imagined: and such was the character of the inhabitants for ferocity, that every character dreaded attack, and assumed a posture of defence as he made his way between the river and a frowning cliff, which overhangs it, then the only pass into the extensive districts to the west.

"The Glen was, at that time, supposed to be a safe retreat to every offender who fled from justice—for there all pursuit terminated. The inhabitants allowed no person to be conducted through it as a prisoner, and it was their boast that none were ever punished who had taken refuge in its fastnesses.

"They were looked upon by the rest of the country as savage, and treated as people amongst whom there was no security but in superior force. This feeling was far from being softened on those melancholy occasions when shipwrecks occurred on the coast, during which, nothing but an armed force could prevent every vestige of the property being plundered by those and the neighbouring people. As to taxes, cesses, and other public dues, it may be imagined, that the people lived nearly free from those imposts, for the king's hearth money was abandoned, because of the difficulty attending its collection, although the officers appointed to that duty were supported by troops.

"The habitation of these mountaineers were the lowest order of huts, scarcely affording room to the inmates, and quite inadequate to the purpose of shelter. The people were miserably clothed and badly fed, the scanty potato-crop was often from necessity shared with the cows, who must have otherwise starved for want of other provisions. Murderous quarrels were not unfrequent, often arising out of partnership of tenancy, and that none of the usual evils might be wanted, letting by the customary mode of renting, had created enormous disproportion between the rents and the value of the lands, some of these rents being absurdly high, and others ridiculously low. To these people the bare idea of labour was offensive, and work was considered as slavery. They were, however, a remarkably robust, active, and enterprising race of men, hospitable and obliging to those who asked their assistance or courtesy. Many of them possessed almost chivalrous ideas of courage, of ancestry, and of adventure, and exhibited symptoms of acuteness and intelligence, and a remarkable fondness for legal subtleties and historical tradition. Such were the people of that country, when Lord Headly, having recently come of age, for the first time visited this portion of the extensive family estate in Ireland. His lordship at once saw the deplorable state of those people, was chiefly owing to a long course of neglect, he resolved, therefore, to cultivate their good qualities without being at first very eager to punish their bad ones; these he wished to subdue by the progress of improvement, so that the culture of the people might keep pace with that of the soil; and he has succeeded in establishing within eighteen years, a degree of improvement and civilization, which, without those efforts must have required a century."